

## ALEXANDRIA.

### Egypt's Metropolis' Reception of Royal Visitors.

#### A Fete Champetre in Honor of the Duke and Prince.

#### Antoniadis—The Ball—The Preparations—The Visitors—The Khedive—Supper—Menu Cards.

Alexandria, visited by massacre, bombardment, fire, disease and in consequence of these a frightful depression in trade, has been honored by a visit from two royal passengers. Their Royal Highnesses, Prince George of Edinburgh, second son of Queen Victoria, and Prince George of Wales, second son of the Prince of Wales.

The Duke, who is at present admiral of the Mediterranean squadron, is making a cruise in these waters and stopping at all the important ports. Alexandria has a beautiful harbor, but at the entrance there is a dangerous bar and ships drawing over a certain depth cannot enter. As most of the ships composing the Duke's fleet are too large to enter, they anchored outside while the Royal Admiral's flag was transferred to H. M. S. Orion, one of the largest English turret ships which has been stationed here for some months. The Duke's arrival occurred on the 9th of August and was announced by a royal salute and by the royal standard being hoisted on Fort Com-el-Dik, where the English artillery is quartered. During the whole day at short intervals, salutes were fired; when the Duke called on the Khedive, when the Khedive returned the call, and when other persons of note were received on board the Orion by His Royal Highness.

In the evening the Duke and Prince, accompanied by high officials and escorted by a guard of honor, drove to the residence of Sir Henry Drummond Wolfe, the Queen's High Commissioner in Egypt, who had the honor of entertaining them during the remainder of their stay in Alexandria. Sir Henry is occupying for the summer, the villa Antoniadis, a place owned by Mr. Antoniadis, the richest Greek merchant in Alexandria. The villa is large though not at all palatial, but the grounds are magnificent. A few years ago in digging for a well, they discovered what seems to have been a private chapel of the Greek period and this "antique" as the natives call it, gives an additional charm to the place. Several entertainments were given in the Duke's honor, the finest of which was a fete champetre by Sir H. D. Wolfe and a banquet by the Khedive. The latter only invited gentlemen, but to the former about one thousand ladies and gentlemen were invited. The villa Antoniadis is about four miles out of town; from the city gates to the house at short intervals were stationed sentries from the Egyptian army, the city police and the English mounted police. At the gates of the villa rose an archway of lights and at each side of the carriage drive through the gardens, colored glass lanterns were festooned from tree to tree. The fountain had a row of candles in colored shades all around it and all the statues had colored lights at their base which made them stand out so white and clear. The carriages were not allowed to go up to the door of the house, but were stopped about a hundred yards away. Here was an archway of Chinese lanterns and under foot beautiful Turkish rugs on which we walked up to the house steps where stood Sir Henry, his royal visitors and their aides-de-camp and secretaries to receive the guests.

The ball-room was a large hall, extending from the front to the back of the house where an immense balcony overlooks the landscape garden. At the left of the dancing room there is another entrance from the garden; a huge tent was erected here, draped inside with flags, the ground covered with Turkish rugs and furnished with easy chairs, sofas, plants and chandeliers. At the end of the tent were several gilt chairs for royalty.

Dancing had already begun, but suddenly the waltz was stopped and the strains of the Khedivial hymn announced the arrival of His Highness, the Khedive, who was received at his carriage by the Duke, Prince George and Sir Henry, and conducted to the seat of honor. The Duke is more than a prince; he is a manly man and master of his profession. He looks a thorough naval man and is highly esteemed by all his officers. Prince George, who is a lieutenant on one of his uncle's ships, is also much liked by his brother officers. Neither of the princes danced, but they, with the Khedive, stood in the hall-room for some time watching the dancers. There were two bands, a string band for dancing and a military band in the garden which played in the intervals of the dances.

The supper was excellent and the menu cards most artistic. At the left of the card is a sphinx lying at the foot of an Egyptian column, covered with hieroglyphics, at the bottom floating on the blue Nile water is the real lotus flower, for a bordering all around is the lotus flower conventionalized; all this is done in the beautiful rich colors one sees on mummy cases. Altogether, it was a lovely menu, the ladies' dresses and diamonds doing honor to the occasion.

The Duke and Prince left by special

train on the 16th for Ismailia and will rejoin the fleet at Port Said.

The visit of their Royal Highnesses has left the pleasing impression that they are worthy descendants of the noble lady, who for half a century has ruled England wisely and well.

ANNA C. EWING.  
Alexandria, August 16th, 1886.

The most stubborn and distressing cases of dyspepsia yield to the regulating and toning influence of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Try it.

### The New Star in Andromeda and the Star of Bethlehem.

Whenever either of the planets Jupiter or Venus becomes exceptionally brilliant, as both of them do at certain periods, called oppositions in the one case and elongations in the other, we begin to notice inquiries in the newspapers addressed to the editor to know if the "Star of Bethlehem" has not become visible again.

Comparatively speaking, very few persons, even among the intelligent and educated classes, have any accurate knowledge of the motions and periods of the planets and other heavenly bodies. But a great many persons have a vague impression concerning the existence of a mysterious and brilliant star which appears at certain periods to startle the world with the blaze of its glory, and which they believe to be the Star of Bethlehem, which guided the wise men of the East to the lowly couch of the infant Saviour.

This popular error is due to a suggestion made many years ago by some one, who had just enough astronomical learning to go astray himself and lead others with him, to the effect that the brilliant star which in 1572 blazed out so suddenly in the constellation Cassiopeia and soon surpassed Venus in splendor, only to fade away and become invisible at the end of 16 months after its first appearance, was, in fact, the very star which had guided the wise men of the East over the plains of Nazareth to the spot where lay the infant Saviour of mankind.

The suggestion itself was due to the fact that some industrious astronomer searching the records of new star apparitions had discovered that a temporary star had flashed out in the same quarter of the heavens in the years 1304 and 1445, thus indicating that the object seen in 1572 was a periodical or "variable" star, having a period of about 315 years between its times of appearance. The truth of this proposition being assumed, a very simple calculation would disclose the further fact that it must have appeared about the time of our Saviour's birth, the conclusion followed as a matter of course that the brilliant orb was the Star of Bethlehem.

The telescope was not invented until forty years after the appearance of this in 1572, but Tycho Brahe, the greatest astronomer of his time, diligently observed and made an accurate record of all its changes while it remained visible. He also succeeded in fixing its position on the star sphere so that the astronomers of our day are able to turn their telescopes upon the very spot, where they find a small star of the eleventh magnitude, only visible in good instruments. If this star is a periodical having a period of about 315 years it should reappear some time during the present year, as it is already past due.

But whether it appears again or not there is no foundation whatever for the belief that it is the Star of Bethlehem, even admitting that it became visible about the time of our Saviour's birth.

But, like many other erroneous beliefs, this one became popular, and hence whenever a strange object appears in any part of the sky, or when one of the large planets becomes exceptionally brilliant at its time of nearest approach to the earth, as was Mars in 1877, and Jupiter when in "opposition" in 1880, we read frequent paragraphs in the newspapers in reference to the reappearance of the "Star of Bethlehem," and hear people, who ought to know better, talking about the "wonderful phenomenon."

A consideration of well known facts for a few moments will be sufficient to dissipate the mind of every intelligent person of the idea that Tycho's famous star could by any possibility have been the star that guided the wise men to the cradle of the young Saviour for had they followed that star they would have gone far astray in a direction opposite to that in which they actually traveled as I shall endeavor to prove.

Tycho's star appeared in the constellation Cassiopeia, one of the northern circumpolar constellations that in our latitude never set, but remain visible all night long. The place of the star being in right ascension hours minutes. "North declination 63° 24'.

By consulting a good map with the parallels of latitude marked upon it we ascertain that the city of Jerusalem is in north latitude about 32 degrees. Hence it would be impossible for the people of Jerusalem to see Tycho's star in the east, because its position is far to the north at all times. Not only is this true, but at the season of the year when our Saviour was born (midwinter) the constellation of Cassiopeia crosses the upper meridian quite early (about 6 o'clock), at which time from any point in the latitude of Jerusalem it would be seen in a direction lying due north, and from that time on until morning it would be seen in a northwesterly direction, passing downward, until at 6 o'clock a.m. it would be on the lower meridian, and therefore lying due north again.

As seen from Jerusalem when on the

lower meridian, the constellation would be very low down on the edge of the north horizon.

Now, Matthew relates that the wise men traveled to the East, following the star which, as a matter of course, was in front of them, while the star of 1572 must have been behind them to the northwest during the whole night long.

In the month of August of last year a new star made its appearance very suddenly in the center of the great oval nebula of Andromeda. It was first beheld on the night of the 28th of August, being then barely visible to the naked eye as a star of the sixth magnitude.

No sooner had its appearance been made known than some enthusiastic person (claiming to be an astronomer) rushed into print in one of the great Eastern Journals that "the Star of Bethlehem had appeared again, and would soon rival Jupiter in brilliancy, as it did in 1572."

The statement was widely copied in the papers. No one took the trouble to correct it, and thousands of people strained their vision for many nights in a vain endeavor to see the Star of Bethlehem in a place where it was not.

The new star in Andromeda was in fact 23 degrees south of the place where the brilliant star of 1572 had blazed out with such a sudden accession of splendor. And the statement that it would become as brilliant as Jupiter was merely an adventurous prediction which was never fulfilled, for the new comet did not at any time become brighter than a star of the sixth magnitude, although for more than two weeks it was quite brilliant when viewed through the telescope. In less than a month, however, it had declined to a star of the tenth magnitude, and in three months after its discovery it had faded to invisibility, even in the most powerful instruments.

A careful examination of astronomical records for the last 2,000 years discloses the fact that about thirty new stars have appeared in that period. Such stars in every instance, after a brief interval of abnormal brilliancy, quickly faded below the limit of naked eye visibility, and some of them beyond the reach of the most powerful telescopes.

Such stars are very remote suns and their strange phenomena may be due in different cases to different causes. The abnormal brilliancy of some of them may be due to the explosion and rapid combustion of imprisoned gases confined in their interiors by a partially cooled surface. In other cases the enormous accession of light (and doubtless of heat also) results from collision with a planet, or possibly a huge comet, or from the downfall of a swarm of meteors.

Should the brilliant wonder in Cassiopeia return this year as expected, it might and probably will reveal through the spectroscopic its character, constitution and present condition.

H. A. P.

William Waldorf Astor and Wife. Mr. William Waldorf Astor is, in appearance, the ideal of a prosperous young business man—stocky, wide-awake, and commonplace looking, with nothing to indicate that he knows anything outside of real estate matters. He is the only Astor who has ventured into any other field than business. As a politician, young Mr. Astor was disastrously defeated at the polls; as a minister to Italy he was buried, and as an author he is far from being successful. Now he is at work on a play. It is not generally believed that he will be the long-looked-for American dramatist. He is the sole male representative of the family, and it is no secret that the elders view his excursions into art, literature, politics, and the drama with scant favor. They argue that with \$600,000 and \$7,000 houses to look after, he has all that he needs to occupy his mind; but young William Waldorf goes on with his artistic efforts just the same. He has a charmingly unaffected and direct manner, and a beautiful face, whom he loved and married in Philadelphia. —New York Correspondent Philadelphia Press.

Tricks of the Chinese Thief. It is said that of late bad clothing has been taken to Chinatown in a quantity. Armed with a bamboo stick about four feet long, which may be made lengthened to fifteen or twenty feet by a telescopic slide, the Mongolian hoodlum makes his way about dusk to a back or side window, which has been left open at the top for ventilation, while the stick is thrust through the window, being stretched out as it is inserted, and by means of a small hook at the end he proceeds to pull blankets, sheets, and pillows are pulled through the opening. He has sometimes occurred that he had clothing to look after, he all while the bed contained an occupant, who was sleeping soundly. In the case of an alarm the pole is dropped, and, being on the outside of the building, the hoodlum easily makes his escape. —San Francisco Chronicle.

Superstition of Gen. Skobelev. Vassili Vereschagin, the celebrated Russian painter, contributes an article of personal recollections of the late Gen. Skobelev to the current number of Mr. Adam's Nouvelle Revue. Vereschagin accompanied Skobelev during the latter's early life in Turkestan. The anecdotes and exploits of the daring general, as told by Vereschagin, would be deemed things or as an example to his soldiers, but he would leap up from the table pale with fear if the salt stand happened to be upset, and he would swim his horse across the Danube to show that it could be done, but he would not dare enter a room where three candles were lighted at the same time. —Chicago Tribune.

Award of the White's Oldest Son.

It is a pity that Prince Albert Victor does not indulge in a few lessons in deportment and dancing. His person is plain, his face is of a brownish and tawny color, and in Ireland his reputation for general clumsiness is supreme. —London News.

Jeff. Davis is writing another book.

## PORTSMOUTH.

### The Tenth Reunion of the Army of W. Va.

#### And the Annual Encampment of Ohio's G. A. R.

#### The Women's Relief Corps—The City's Hospitality and Enthusiasm—Camp Turley—Prominent Generals—Other Interesting Items.

To those whose privilege it was to be present at the reunion at Portsmouth last year there came an unutterable longing to again participate in the grand reunion of the heroes of the Army of West Virginia. So Wednesday, first Grand Army day, found us amid the hurrying, moving throng making our way to the mammoth pavilion at beautiful Camp Turley. We arrived there in time to see Gen. Chas. H. Grosvenor delivering his address on the private soldier, for it was impossible to hear a single speech fifty feet from the grand platform. It was thought by some that the meeting of last year could not be excelled in quantity or quality, but Gen. Rosecrans said on Thursday, "It is the finest tent, the finest speeches, the best natured crowd and the biggest reunion I ever saw," and ex-President Hayes said Thursday night, "This reunion excels all others I ever attended."

Portsmouth is at all times, except during the flood, a hospitable and beautiful city. But this reunion has made her name famous forever among Grand Army men, old veterans, and sons of veterans. The different committees who had laboriously striven to arrange everything for this perfect consummation succeeded admirably, and are deserving of all the high eulogiums passed upon them during this happy gathering. Among such a crowd of celebrities and wonderful attractions, I can only mention some of the leading ones.

The city was elaborately decorated, the variety of designs showing that special taste and decorative genius had been combined to make the appearance unique and beautiful to the eye of the beholder. But we must pass to the seat of attraction, the mammoth tent at Camp Turley, the largest in America—the big Barnum tent—where tens of thousands sought shelter under its folds during the reunion, among whom were more of the great men who took an active part in the thrilling scenes of the war of the rebellion than have ever before been gathered together at one time.

Entering this mammoth pavilion from the north, the sight was simply immense. The main object of attraction was the grand stand, covered with shields, flags, bunting and every patriotic emblem, and double the size of last year. The national colors stream from every part of it in some shape or form. A screened entrance to the stand leads up from the south side. Over the doorway is a large crayon portrait of Lincoln; on one side of the doorway is a portrait of Grant, on the other that of Washington. The back of the stand is plastered with shields, each inscribed with the name of some prominent officer of the Army of West Virginia. On a canvas above the archway are the words, "We sheltered the child of the storm," and under this the name "Sheridan." In the center of the canvas is a representative of the badge of the Army of the West, and under this the names "Cox and Crook." Along the margin are the names of the Generals—McClelland, Hancock, Emery, Sigel, Hunter, Schenck, Keller, Carroll, Duval, Johnson, Goff, Lightburn, Coates, Old "Roy," Wright, Hayes, Stahl, Kelly, Millroy, Sherman, Powell, Comley, Averell, Duval, Enochs, Oley.

The next thing in order to the right of the grand stand is the stand for the grand chorus and orchestra. It is 24x80 feet in dimensions, beautifully decorated and occupied by two hundred singers of Portsmouth talent, with few exceptions. Signor Georgiana Easterbrook, the Kansas tenor, of Cincinnati, was one of the prominent assistants. A part of this stand was occupied by the Immortal 14th Regiment Band. Mr. Simpson, who gave a tenor drum solo, was loudly applauded.

Electric lights illuminated the tent at night, and shed their light on many fair women and brave men. The electric light wire surrounds the big tent and connects with the circuit of the city. Located to the right of the road that leads from Robinson avenue, and placed north and northwest of the big tent were 400 small white tents, placed in regular order, with wide avenues between them. They seemed to be principally filled with straw for the accommodation of the boys in blue, and where, as young Capt. Bunsdy, the eloquent young orator of Friday evening, told us, the old soldiers would initiate the sons of veterans with army life by pulling them out in the night, putting them in a blanket and throwing them up as high as the tent pole.

Wednesday afternoon when Sheridan was looked for, and the tent was crammed and jammed in anxious waiting, Chairman Ewing read dispatches that he was on his way, and again said "Little Phil" is coming, and just then a tall, gray-haired, rosy-cheeked gentleman appeared, and Mr. Ewing said, "If Sheridan isn't here, it gives me great pleasure to announce to you that Old Roy is here, and I now have the pleasure of presenting him to you." He was received amid the whoops and yells of the audience,

and made a short and feeling speech to the boys. Historian Johnson paid a glowing tribute to the patriotic women of Portsmouth, who from the beginning of the war to the present time had kept up the Women's Aid Society, and who gave Company G Ohio's first offering to the war. After this Mrs. Rebecca Steadman McCann gave a splendid recitation—"Fall in, old soldiers, fall in." Her recitations were among the successful features of the grand occasion, and touched a chord in every heart.

Enough seats with backs together, with the chairs brought into use, to seat over 5,000 people. Around the whole interior of the tent is a promenade about twenty feet in width. From between the small poles which supported the canvas, hung streamers with various inscriptions, such as "Bring the good old bugle, boys," "Welcome to the boys in blue," "Cloud Mountain, May 9th, 1864," "Fisher's Hill, Sept. 29th, 1864," "Cedar Creek, Oct. 19th, 1864," and Sheridan twenty miles away," "Opequan or Winchester, Sept. 19th, 1864," "We drank from the same canteen, and got our beans from the same pot," "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the boys are marching," "Sheridan (to Grant) 'Grant to Sheridan' 'Push things,'" "Lynchburg, Va., June 17th, 1864," "Stephenson's Depot, June 20th, 1864."

Large frame dining halls, with lunch counters, lemonade and ice cream stands in every direction. The electric light wire surrounds the big tent, and connects with the circuit of the city. The grand entrance to the tent is next to the railroad and on the south side, and is approached by a wide canvas veranda open at the sides. The small tents are located in regular order on the north side of the lot, and on the south are two brass cannon facing south. We would not forget to mention the large tent used by the Women's Relief Corps, for the sale of ice cream, lemonade, cakes, and other refreshments, where you always found a pleasant welcome, and was well patronized during the four days of the reunion. Capt. Kelley, of Cincinnati, occupied a small tent next to this. He was the gentleman who superintended the erection of the tents, and was to remain until they were taken down.

Wednesday evening it was known to a certainty that Sheridan had arrived. After music by the band and Pomeroy Drum Corps, (which won the hearts of all), and Mayor Turley's address of welcome and a responsive address by General Crook, who introduced to us Gen. Sheridan, and amid the booming of cannon and a chorus of shouts "Little Phil" Sheridan, the hero of Winchester, came forward. He is a small man, but oh, how grand and manly looking. He made a very short speech, saying that if they would give him half a chance, he would like to shake hands with every one of the boys, he was not much on talking, but that he felt that he was indebted to the men who carried the muskets, "they were the ones who put the golden stars upon my shoulders." Then the date of every commission he had, bore the date of a battle.

The music was all fine. Friday evening closed with a blaze of glory. Friday afternoon Governor Foraker made a grand speech, which was interrupted by the storm, which came pretty near being a cyclone. It was hard to say farewell, but they sang "Marching Through Georgia," in which Mr. and Mrs. Hayes and daughter joined, then Hayes called for "Praise God from Whom all Blessings Flow," and the reunion was over. The paper of General Powell on "The Old Canteen" was one of the feasts of the reunion. M. G.

Obituary.

Eternity's bell tolled the death of Miss Kittie Faris on the evening of the 6th of September, 1886, at 24 years, 3 months, 20 days, was the time of her life on earth. For a time prior to July, Miss Kittie had been in ill health. Thinking to revive her strength by a change of location, on the above named day of July last, she came to the home of her uncle, J. B. Faris, at Mt. Vernon, Ohio, and there she remained, in strength, so that she could walk goodly distances to church and the homes of neighbors. The many friends she made during her stay here loved and admired her for her Christian virtues and kind and amiable disposition. Five weeks after her arrival, on the 28th of August, she returned to her home at Princeton, Ohio. Two days after her departure from this place, the sad tidings were borne to our ears, that Kittie had gone to try the realities of an unseen world.

Many were loth to believe that that form, which they but a few days before had beheld, was lying still and cold in the arms of death, and that kind and gentle voice whose tones seemed still to linger with them, would never more on earth be heard. Oh how soon is the link snapped that binds us to earthly friends. The loss sustained by the death of Kittie is keenly felt, not only by her stricken family, but by all those who know her, for to know her was to love her. We verily believe that now her fair spirit is communing with her sister, who not long since crossed over Jordan, and strikes and utters words, and we fancy as her phantom hark towards the farther shore, she strikes immortal hand with loved ones over there.

This beautiful life should be so soon called away, is to us a dark and mysterious Providence, and we must say "God's will be done." Then let us endeavor to imitate her Christian example, and smile and flowers over the great causway of existence, and when we come to the end of our journey, we shall find ourselves in a land where sickness and sorrow never come, and where throughout all eternity we shall know and be with our loved, inhaling the fragrance that ever comes from the balm-breathing gardens of God.

Kittie dear to us with us no more, How we all do sadly miss her; But on the bright and golden shore, We hope again to meet her.

Though no more in warm affection To her friendly hand may clasp, Still we lift our eyes to heaven, And see there her radiant face Glorified with light eternal, Her shining robes with the blest. Let these words our aid and comfort: God so loved He gave her rest.

Cocoon.

## BRUTUS.

### Gives Us Another Chapter on the Labor Question.

#### The Capitalist, the Shlylock, the Banker and the Bond-Holder are all Necessities.

Shall we throw the capitalist overboard? That is the question. Ought he to be in our boat? What is his reputation; who is he; and what good does he do in the boat? If we take the character given him by the modern socialists, we would leave him overboard in a thousand fathoms of water, with a millstone tied to his neck, and then they would resurrect him only to use his obnoxious particles for the purpose of making explosives to carry on their work of reformation. But since the one recommending the above, and some of his co-workers are to be decorated with hempen collars, it is unjust for them to sit in judgment. But many of the rest of us sometimes call them hard names; such as Shlylocks, bloated bondholders, bloodless and soulless corporations, moneyed sharks, and many other titles equally complimentary.

The second interrogatory "Who is he?" admits of a varied application. Commencing at the bottom, we take a member of any of the mechanical trades, shoemaker, carpenter, plasterer, brick-mason or builder. One, probably whose boyhood recollections are of more than an equitable amount of kicks, cuffs, and rebuffs of a cold world. If blessed with health and energy, and above all and dearer than all, a helpmeet that makes home a bright little paradise, from which no club or saloon can ever entice him to spend a single night, such a one soon looks around in his increasing business, and hires a hand to assist. If prosperity blesses the rest of us, and no crushing pressure overtakes him, he soon has a dozen or more hands in his employ, with the steam engine and the rattle of machinery all around him, and if still able to pay his hands, before he is aware of the change, he becomes a moneyed contractor. But shall we throw him overboard in consequence of the change. The young man penniless and foot-loose, who has found employment there, says, "don't do it, or I will be thrown out of work." The hard-dusted old farmer says, "better let him alone. I am raising corn, wheat, pork, and beef, those hands are good consumers, and save my freight all the way to Boston or Baltimore." That bloated bondholder wants a fine residence built, here is the workman at his door, ready to do his bidding for the coupons. So even he may not vote him overboard.

And if a jury were paneled from the agricultural, the mercantile, the day laborer, and the bond-holding classes, the unanimous verdict would be, give us more such capitalists. They run greater risk of shipwreck probably than any other, and none assist to build up the country more.

But then there is the Shlylock, the banker, and the bond-holder all in the same category. We will certainly throw them overboard. Capital and capitalist might well be used, here interchangeably. The one represents the other. The trouble is, if we drown the capitalist, the capital goes with him. Like the ill-fated Australia, when she went down in mid-ocean with her living freight of nearly one thousand souls from California, who strewed the deck with gold, vainly offering millions to any one that could save them from a watery grave, humanity and gold sank in one common grave. It would be equally vain for us to attempt to save the capital without the capitalist.

But could we do without him in the boat. In the case of the manufacturer, he embarks his all in his own business, trusting his own head and hand to guide. While the money lender and the banker, for a consideration, hand theirs over to private individuals, who if they succeed, must furnish their own brain and motive power. If they lack the ability and shipwreck, it is just to charge their misfortunes to another?

Bring five hundred farmers in line, whose farms were mortgaged down during the pressure which occurred between '75 and '80, who if compelled to have met their engagements would have been left penniless and in debt, who are now well off. Bring up a thousand more from all the pursuits of life represented in our country, whose business has suffered for the past two years by the partial failure of crops and general depression, who are running to a greater or less extent on borrowed capital, and if they are ready to settle up and exclaim "let 'em slide," then we will say amen. But the two largest we leave unnoticed, viz: railroad corporations and Uncle Sam.

FORNEY'S HOWE, September 10th, 1886.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Send by mail for addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Norman, 148 Foster's Block, Rochester, N. Y. 15-cm-11m

## WHAT MEN CALL "LUCK."

### The Ideas of Gamblers—The Various Classes of So-Called "Lucky" Men.

Let us consider the general idea which most men have respecting what they call "luck." We find that what they regard as affording clear evidence that there is such a thing as luck is in reality the result of law. Nay, they adopt such a combination of ideas about events that seem fortuitous that the kind of evidence they obtain must have been obtained, let events fall as they may. Let us consider the ideas of men about luck in gambling, as typifying in small the ideas of nearly all men about luck in life.

In the first place gamblers recognize some men as always lucky. I do not mean, of course, that they suppose men always win, but that some men never have spells of bad luck. They are always "in the vein," to use the phraseology of gamblers and stock-brokers, others, who imagine they have reduced their wild and wandering notions about luck into a science. Next, gamblers recognize those who start on a gambling career with singular good luck, retaining that luck long enough to make a considerable sum, and then losing it once for all, remaining thereafter constantly unlucky. Thirdly, gamblers regard the great bulk of their community as men of varying luck—sometimes "in vein," sometimes not—men who if they are to be successful, must, according to the superstitions of the gambling world, be most careful to watch the progress of events.

These, according to Steinmetz, the great authority on such questions, (probably because of the earnestness of his belief in gambling superstitions) may gamble or not, according as they are ready or not to obey the dictates of gambling prudence. When they are in the vein they should gamble slowly and cautiously, and when the "maturity of the chances" brings with it a change of luck they must withdraw. If they will not do this they are likely to join the crew of the unlucky. Fourthly, there are those, according to the ideas of gamblers, who are tormented by constant ill luck. They are never "in the vein." If they win during the first half of an evening they lose more during the latter half. But usually they lose all the time. Fifthly, gamblers recognize a class who, having begun unfortunately, have had a change of luck later and have become members of the lucky fraternity. This change they usually ascribe to some accident or event which, to the less brilliant imagination of outsiders, seems to have nothing whatever to do with the gambler's luck. For instance, the luck changed when the man married, his wife being a shrew; or because he took to wearing white waistcoats.—Proctor, in Longman's Magazine.

Making the Phonograph Practical.

An article will shortly appear in a leading periodical giving a particular account of recent inventions which will astonish the public as much as did the working telephone. This is a phonograph. It comes from the Bell laboratory, though it is the invention of Mr. Sumner Tainter. The Tainter experiments have been in the direction of making out of a record, that has been obtained finally by the use of wax. An impression of sound waves is secured by the new method, it is said, with absolute accuracy. It will register the voices of a quartet of singers, so that the same words and tones as were produced, the baritone, soprano, tenor, etc., just as originally produced, save in lesser volume. The impression is so distinct in the wax that a stereotype can be taken from it, and the sound be reproduced a month or 100 years afterward.

The practical utility of the machine is its use instead of an amanuensis. Letters or speeches can be taken with the machine, it is claimed, and all that has to be done is to take a record, and the record, regulated so that the words can be written out. This can be done at leisure, the writer stopping, going back, or writing as fast or as slowly as convenient. An interview can be taken with absolute correctness, and preserved in a permanent form, the voices of the talkers being clearly distinguishable. If such perfection as described has been obtained, the value of the invention can scarcely be overestimated.—Washington Cor. Indianapolis Journal.

Bad Taste in Bookbinding.

Some one with a loud voice ought to protest with all his might against the prevailing "style" of bookbinding. Books are sold at marvellously low prices. I saw a copy of Bancroft's "Colonial History" marked at 75 cents. Here was a valuable book for a trifle, but it was positively painful to look at. It had been bound on the inside of the cover, and used as a tea store chromo; that books are not to be read, but to place where the visitor can not help seeing them. The cover was of cloth, of course, and was flattered in a way that would have been disgraceful for the fronts of the books. Silver and bronze and blue and red were intermixed on it and on other books in the stall until they were hideous to behold.

Publishers seem to think that book-buyers must be baited like brute beasts with flashing colors before their attention can be attracted. The binding and stock must needs be cheap where a big octavo is sold for 75 cents; but it is shameful to ruin the taste of book buyers by thrusting such gaudy dainties at them. It is an inestimable blessing; the lower the price the better, if they are only in good taste. But black and white and gold should alone be used in making them.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Gen. Kilpatrick's Quick Decision.

"Kilpatrick was quick to decide, and swift in action," remarked a war correspondent. "One beautiful moonlight night I was at a party in the city of Chattanooga. Lieut. Northrup, of his staff, had been dispatched to Sherman's headquarters for orders. We were sitting on rustic benches, telling stories, laughing and smoking in genuine camp style. Kilpatrick must have been there, for Lieut. Northrup rode up, dismounted, called him aside, and reported. The general walked slowly out to a low fence—we were encamped in a yard, looked up at the moon for not to exceed fifteen seconds—then turning, walked quickly back, summoned his adjutant general, Estes, gave him orders, and in five minutes returned to his seat and his story. Acting on those orders, delivered to brigades commanders within half an hour, the cavalry division forced a crossing at Sandtown at daylight, and made the memorable raid around Atlanta, cutting the railroad at Lovejoy's Station, and running the gauntlet of infantry and artillery in making the way back to the Union lines."—Times Ocean "Curiousness Chronica."

There were two Japanese and two colored men in the late graduating class at Ann Arbor.